

ON THE  
Death of M<sup>r</sup> Calamy,

Not known to the Author of a long time after.

**A**ND must our Deaths be silenc'd too! I guess  
Tis some dumb Devil hath possess'd the Press;  
*Calamy* dead without a Publication!  
Tis great injustice to our *English* Nation:  
For had this Prophet's Funeral been known,  
It must have had an Universal Groan;  
Afflicted *London* would then have been found  
In the same year to be both burn'd and drown'd;  
And those who found no Tears their flames to quench,  
Would yet have wept a Showre, his Herse to drench.  
Methinks the Man who stuffs the Weekly Sheet,  
With fine New-Nothings, what hard Names did meet.  
The Empress, how her Petticoat was lac'd,  
And how her Lacquies Liveries were fac'd;  
What's her chief Woman's Name; what Dons do bring  
Almonds and Figs to *Spain's* great little King:  
Is much concern'd if the Pope's Toe but akes,  
When he breaks Wind, and when a Purge he takes;  
He who can gravely advertise, and tell  
Where *Lockier* and *Rowland Pippin* dwell;  
Where a Black-Box or Green-Bag was lost;  
And who was Knighted, though not what it cost:  
Methinks he might have thought it worth the while,  
Though not to tell us who the State beguile,  
Or what new Conquest *England* hath acquired;  
Nor that poor Trifle who the City fired;  
Though not how Popery exalts its head,  
And Priests and Jesuits their poyson spread;  
Yet in swoln Characters he might let fly,  
*The Presbyterians have lost an Eye.*  
Had *Crack* ———'s Fiddle been in tune, (but he  
Is now a Silenc'd Man as well as we)  
He had struck up loud Musick, and play'd  
A jig for joy that *Calamy* was dead;  
He would have told how many Coaches went;  
How many Lords and Ladies did lament;  
What Handkerchiefs were sent, and in them Gold  
To wipe the Widows eyes, he would have told;  
All had come out, and we beholden all  
To him, for the o'reflowing of his gall.  
But why do I thus Rant without a cause?  
Is not Concealment Policy? whose Laws  
My silly peevish Muse doth ill t' oppose  
For publick Losses no Man should disclose;  
And such was this, a greater loss by far,  
One Man of God then twenty Men of War;  
It was a King, who when a Prophet dy'd,  
Wept over him, and Father, Father cry'd.  
O if thy Life and Ministry be done  
My Chariots and Horsemen, strength is gone.  
I must speak sober words, for well I know  
If Saints in Heaven do hear us here below,  
A lye, though in his Praise, would make him frown,  
And chide me when with *Jesus* he comes down  
To judge the World. ——— This little little He,  
This silly, sickly, silenc'd *Calamy*,  
*Aldermanbury's* Curate, and no more,  
Though he a mighty Miter might have wore,  
Could have vi'd Interest in God or Man,  
With the most pompous Metropolitan:  
How have we known him captivate a throng,  
And made a Sermon twenty thousand strong;  
And though black-mouths his Loyalty did charge,  
How strong his tug was at the Royal Barge,  
To hale it home, great *GEORGE* can well attest,  
Then when poor Prelacy lay dead in its nest;  
For if a Collect could not fetch him home,  
*Charles* must stay out, that Interest was mum.

Nor did Ambition of a Miter, make  
Him serve the Crown, it was for Conscience sake.  
Unbrib'd Loyalty! his highest reach  
Was to be Master *Calamy*, and preach.  
He bless'd the King, who Bishop him did name,  
And I bless him who did refuse the same.  
O! had our Reverend Clergy been as free  
To serve their Prince without Reward, as he,  
They might have had less Wealth with greater love:  
Envy, like Winds, endangers things above;  
Worth, not Advancement, doth beget esteem.  
The highest Weathercock the least doth seem.  
If you would know of what disease he dy'd,  
His grief was Chronical it is reply'd.  
For had he opened been by Surgeons art,  
They had found *London* burning in his heart;  
How many Messengers of death did he  
Receive with Christian Magnanimity!  
The Stone, Gout, Dropfie, Ills, which did arise  
From Grievs and Studies, not from Luxuries;  
The Megrim too which still strikes at the Head,  
These He stood under, and scarce staggered.  
Might he but work, though loaded with these Chains,  
He Pray'd and Preach'd, and sung away his pains;  
Then by a fatal Bill he was struck dead,  
And though that blow he ne're recovered,  
(For he remained speechless to his close)  
Yet did he breath, and breath out Prayers for those  
From whom he had that wound: he liv'd to hear  
An Hundred thousand buried in one year  
In his Dear City, over which he wept,  
And many Fasts to keep off Judgments, kept;  
Yet, yet he liv'd, stout heart he liv'd, to be  
Depriv'd, driven out, kept out, liv'd to see  
Wars, Blazing-Stars, Torches which Heaven ne're burns,  
But to light Kings or Kingdoms to their Urns.  
He lived to see the Glory of our Isle,  
*London* consumed in its Funeral pile.  
He liv'd to see that lesser day of Doom,  
*London*, the Priests Burnt-sacrifice to *Rome*;  
That blow he could not stand, but with that fire  
As with a Burning Fever did expire.  
Thus dy'd this Saint, of whom it must be said,  
He dy'd a Martyr, though he dy'd in's bed.  
So Father *Ely* in the Sacred page  
Sat quivering with fear as much as age,  
Longing to know, yet loth to ask the News  
How it far'd with the Army of the *Jews*.  
*Israel* flies, that struck his Palsie-head,  
The next blow stunned him, Your Sons are dead;  
But when the third stroke came, The Ark is lost,  
His heart was wounded, and his life it cost.  
Thus fell this Father, and we well do know  
He fear'd our Ark was going long ago.

The EPITAPH.

**H**ere a poor Minister of Christ doth lie,  
Who did INDEED a Bishoprick deny.  
When his Lord comes, then, then, the World shall see  
Such humble Ones, the rising-Men shall be:  
How many Saints whom he had sent before,  
Shouted to see him enter Heavens door:  
There his blest Soul beholds the face of God,  
While we below groan out our Ichabod:  
Under his burned-Church his Body lies,  
But shall it self a glorious Temple rise;  
May his kind flock when a new Church they make,  
Call it *St. Edmundsbury* for his sake.

London, Printed in the Year 1667.